

Abe Slupsky Goes In for Detection

The Famous School Reformer Appears in a Somewhat New Role.

RELATES DETECTIVE STORIES

Wherein Abraham Slupsky Figures as the Bright Particular Star--He Does No Dirty Work, but is a Shrewd Investigator of Crooked Practices.

The illustrious Abe Slupsky of St. Louis, who has attained national fame as a school reformer and all round philosopher, now appears before an amazed and admiring public in a new role. It appears that Colonel Slupsky is in reality a detective and is described in the peculiar vernacular of the St. Louis press as "a graying, joshing and very shrewd investigator of crime or contrivance of any sort."

Colonel Slupsky has lived so long in St. Louis--something like a quarter of a cen-

He led her to a hotel on Olive street, up two flights of stairs, and, throwing himself against a door, burst it in. There sat the husband in a big easy chair with a little curly haired woman coiled up in his lap. The sight infuriated the wife. She forgot that she wanted a divorce and sprang at the little woman like a tigress. She would have torn her to pieces if she could, but the detective seized hold of his client and dragged her off, shouting: "Hold on! Don't hurt that woman. She's my wife!"

"That's the sort of rats a good many of these detectives are," continued Slupsky after he had finished his story. "They wouldn't hesitate to drag their own mother into a case if they thought she could help them. Some of them would rob their own trunk."

Colonel Slupsky then told how he elected McKinley governor of Ohio by traveling through the state and selling six tin cups for a quarter. He also related a thrilling story of how he saved the Louisiana lottery more than \$1,000,000 by ferreting out some rascals in Chicago who were printing counterfeit tickets.

"Abe," told the gentleman how you captured the St. Paul fireman, "chirped Mrs. Slupsky. "The what?"

"The St. Paul fireman. You know, then fellows that swindled the insurance companies by burning up houses."

"You mustn't do that, my dear. Yes, that was one of the best pieces of work I ever did. One winter a lot of stores and houses were burned in St. Paul. I was sent for to work up these cases. I was set at work by the board of underwriters to investigate. The last suspicious fire was found belonging to a man named Michael. It was heavily insured, and burned one night when all of the family was away from home. The firemen found that most of the goods had been removed, and that there was a lot of straw about the place and everything was saturated with kerosene. Disguised as a peddler, I went to the house where the Michaels had moved to and engaged board. You wouldn't have known me had you seen me in my disguise. I used to look in the glass and laugh for I didn't even know myself. Here is a picture I had taken. Well, I staid at the house for about two months, peddling all day and spending my even-

ings with the Michaels, even eating onions and garlic with them. All of my diamonds had got stored away in a safe."

He son gained their confidence, and after two months of hard work he had the whole gang in jail.

"You should have seen them when I appeared in court," said Abe. "Of course they did not recognize in the handsome young fellow, with stylish clothes and elegant diamonds, the little old crooked peddler they had known as Ben Finkelshtein, and when I threw up my hands and greeted them with the old familiar 'Has du gezeen?' they got up and kicked themselves."

After relating a number of other entertaining reminiscences, including a diamond robbery in Denver in which he played the part of a peddler, Colonel Slupsky descended to speak of the financial aspects of detective work. "Sometimes I get big jobs," he said, "but I do a good many jobs for my friends and don't charge them. If I have a friend in trouble who can't afford to pay me, I do the work for nothing, but when a rich man wants my services I bump his head."

A Snake in Their Eden. A young lady was receiving her betrothed in the front parlor at Wetherfield, Conn., the other evening. The evening was well advanced when there came a noise of rattling of blinds. Both were momentarily frightened, but the man realized his opportunity to prove his courage and ability to protect and ventured outside. He found no one on the premises. He returned, and in a few minutes the sound again disturbed them. This time he went to the window, and raising it a striped snake glided across the carpet. The young lady was petrified with fright, but the young man grabbed the unwelcome visitor by the tail, and going outside quickly ended its life. The snake had crawled up a bush near the window, and entering between the slats of the blinds made its way to the room.

It is not every young couple who can tell of a veritable snake having entered their blissful Edenic courtship.

The Mexican Idea of Smallpox. The ignorant class of Mexicans consider an outbreak of smallpox in their miserable hovels a visitation of divine wrath for some sin they have committed. So set are they in this belief that they will do nothing whatever to check the ravages of the disease except, when it attacks their infants, to take the victims in their arms, press them closely to their breasts and pray devoutly and continuously to God for forgiveness for their wickedness. Of course the smallpox runs its course after awhile, though never claiming several members of every family as victims, but not until it does are the afflicted parents purged of their sins.

It can be proved by a simple calculation that the number of people which have existed on the globe during the past 5,000 years approximates the grand total of 60,000,000,000,000.

The effigy of John of England represents him in a superstitious of crimson, golden belt, under tunic of cloth of gold, red hose, black shoes, spurs gilt, fastened with blue straps.

The Greeks and Romans ate from a kind of porringer, yet during a portion of the middle ages slices of bread cut round took the place of plates.

A BONNET. Let who so will call half that unclean, And over men's backslidings sit and brood, Yet I have found rich colors in the mud And hints of beauty in the dreariest case. I have seen a stationer with divine wrath For that from the world impetuous youth would wear; Rather be bold, and learn what all things mean. Since scratches will but teach us hardship, Simple our knowledge is, however we plod; Since none has wisdom this side of the sod; And he who judges is companionate, For in my dusty song I found of late The enigma of the footstep of the God. Percy Adheshaw in London Academy.

crimes and never give up till my game is safe behind the bars. These rats of the profession will do anything. If they can't get evidence, they will manufacture it. I know of a case in this town where a railroad president became infatuated with the wife of one of his subordinates. He hired a detective, a low rat, to get the fellow out of the way. The detective took some of the railroad company's property and secreted it in the man's house. It was found there, and the man was sent to the penitentiary. The railroad president then took possession of the wife."

Colonel Slupsky told a lot of stories about rascally detectives, this one among them:

"A woman fell in love with a rich cattle dealer who promised to marry her if she could get rid of her husband. She went to a detective. The detective questioned her closely, and on finding out that the husband was a man of irreproachable character and devoted to his wife he said that it would be a difficult task to trap him, but he would agree to do it for \$250. The woman paid \$100 down, and the detective promised to have the necessary evidence to insure a divorce within a week. Before the time elapsed he called one night at the woman's house and told her to come with him and he would show up the party

Saved Two Lives By a Light Laugh

Thrilling Reminiscences of the Old Mining Days on the Coast.

ONE OF THEM SHE MURDERED

She Relates a Narrative of Mingled Misfortune and Depravity Which is Almost Without a Parallel in the Annals of Modern Crime.

Some 15 years ago, when hydraulic mining was a greater industry in the northern part of California than now, all the big mines had watchmen armed with shotguns and navy revolvers. It was their business not to ask the thieves to surrender and then to shoot them if they did not, but to shoot them first and seize the points of the case afterward. As an incentive many mining superintendents offered their watchmen \$50 for every Chinese robber killed.

Ten years ago, when I was an employee of a hydraulic mining company, says a San Francisco Chronicle writer, I was invited to spend a night with the regular watchman and accepted. It was a lazy night. There was a quarter moon, but the sky was covered by a stratum of misty clouds. We crept into the shadow of a huge overhanging bowlder, and our guns beside us, began our long silent watch. Stretching away for a hundred yards above and below us was the sluice with its transverse iron riffles. All about us were piles of bowlders, deep cuts and the irregular surface of the bedrock.

It was nearly midnight when the watchman uttered a nerve thrilling "Sh!" His trained ear had caught a familiar sound, and he whispered to me: "Somebody's coming!"

A manly figure in a shadowy form stealing down the rough, dangerous path that led into the mine from the top of a bank 50 feet high.

"A Chinaman," said the watchman. "By the Lord, there's another!"

Sure enough, there were two of them. They were still in the way, and they were plainly. They appeared to suspect nothing of our presence, for they came on rather carelessly, and now and then we heard them speak. Their feet crunched the dry gravel. The watchman said:

"I don't see this. They must be after the sluices, but somehow they seem to be reckless. Let's wait a bit, and then we'll come right up to us. Then we can finish 'em off."

It was as he said. They came very near us, and we discovered that they were not Chinese. The discovery was made just in the nick of time. Two shotguns, heavily loaded with buckshot, were leveled upon them, and a moment later the triggers would have been pressed, but just then there came to us a girl's light laughter and a man's deeper chuckle. The guns were lowered.

"Well," gasped the watchman, "that was a little near."

The man and his sweetheart walked near us and sat down upon another big rock. We recognized them both. The man was a schoolteacher, and the girl was--well, she was his sweetheart.

They sat there for an hour with their arms about each other and talked. He told her that old story in the old way, and she dropped her head over against his shoulder as she listened. Her lips were temptingly upturned, and he kissed her now and then just to punctuate his sentences. He stroked her hair and asked her if she was sure she had always loved him. She said she had.

And we--we sat there listening. The watchman's face was white, and his hands gleamed pale in the moonlight, at his grimly set lips and then at the hammers of his gun drawn back to full cock. The look of bitterness and hate passed quickly into one of scorn. The watchman, who had been the girl's "poodle," actually snubbed. Quick as a wisp, he was quicker. There was a burst of flame, a deafening double boom.

Presently the schoolteacher said something I did not catch, but the girl's answer was plain enough.

"Fred," she cried, with a laugh, "Fred! Oh, you goose! You know I was only playing with Fred. The great fool! Why, I was just using him for a poodle. You put him on the head, and he'd have a fit. You dear old muggins! How could you imagine I was set on Fred--the idiot!"

She was talking of my companion, the watchman. I looked at his face, which gleamed pale in the moonlight, at his grimly set lips and then at the hammers of his gun drawn back to full cock. The look of bitterness and hate passed quickly into one of scorn. The watchman, who had been the girl's "poodle," actually snubbed. Quick as a wisp, he was quicker. There was a burst of flame, a deafening double boom.

They sat there and talked. report, and two big loads of bush-kat sped harmlessly up into the moonlight.

There was a shriek, and looking backward I saw the teacher spring away as fast as his legs would take him. His sweetheart was running after him, crying out to him to save her. Fred saw, too, and he laughed. We both laughed. It was such an unexpected falling of the curtain upon a little comedy that might have been a tragedy.

The rest of that night passed quickly to us. Fred, putting aside his "business reserve," told me all about it--how he had loved that girl and hated the teacher; how she had promised only a day or two before to be his wife; how he had married and built his castles in the air; but he reckoned that this tragi-comedy of his love affair had been the best for him, after all.

Impromptu Speeches. James Russell Lowell is recorded as saying that he always liked to prepare his impromptu speeches. At a dinner given to Mr. Longfellow during a visit to London, it was agreed that no set speeches should be made.

After the fruit and coffee had been discussed, Admiral Farragut arose and protested that they could not dream of parting without hearing from Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone began by assuring the company that he was of the mind of Lord Palmerston, who said, "Better a dinner of herbs where no speaking is than white-bait and oratory therewith."

His "remarks" developed into an eloquent oration. He had read the works of the American poet, and concluded by paying a splendid tribute to Mr. Longfellow's attainments. The subject of this superb panegyric was deeply touched, and replied without rising

Rather a Lively Record of Crime

Has Had Six Husbands and Is Yet Open for Engagement.

TRAGEDY TURNED TO COMEDY

The Finger of a Girl's Scorned and Rejected Lover Pressed the Trigger of His Gun and in a Moment Would Have Fired.

Everybody remembers the sensation when Divorce Lawyer Orson A. House of New York city was shot dead by his wife Irene. It was a potentially just affair--at least some novelists thought so--for House had narrowly escaped the penitentiary by reason of his crooked work in procuring divorces and had procured one for the woman who killed him.

Well, Irene Van Zandt House who was, Mrs. Redmond or Mrs. Carson who is, is once more in prison, this time in Trenton, and on a bewildering variety of charges. She has borne the names of six men, is 50 years old, almost as good as over and has definitely settled, but he gave the name to a weapon as deadly as any that has ever been forged from steel.

Shortly after Louisiana became a state the old Spanish and French records created a great deal of trouble. It frequently happened that a planter who had never had a large tract of land and fairly open it out as a plantation would learn that it was claimed by some one under an old colonial grant. James Bowie was a very frequent claimant under these old laws, says a Chicago Times writer. Several capitalists of the Louisiana colony of the early days were the old papers of the Spanish colony of Louisiana were kept, and caused careful transcripts of them to be made. They appointed as their agent to put them in possession of these properties James Bowie.

In these early days it did not at any time take much provocation to bring on "a personal encounter," as it is lighted on death was euphemistically entitled. A man who had been to the trouble of opening up an estate only to find it claimed by a lot of people he did not know was generally pretty ready to fight for it, whether a fight would settle the question or not.

The consequences of this state of things was that James Bowie and his two brothers, Stephen and Rezin Bowie, had on hand almost constantly some sort of "difficulty" that had to be fought out with deadly weapons. This was before the days when the percussion cap was in general use, and the smaller pistols of the period were inaccurate to carry and not very reliable. So the knife had to be used when one wanted a really trusted weapon. Mr. Bowie worked out with a pocketknife and single his idea of a weapon that would be about the proper thing for the business he had in hand, and it was made by the local blacksmith, at Shreveport, La., after this model, which he carried for several years.

About 1830, however, he heard of a New Orleans cutler, a Spaniard named Pedro, who was making some knives of a wonderful kind and temper. They could be driven through a silver dollar without damage to either edge. Mr. Bowie at once availed himself of the professional services of this artist, who made him a knife which was a marvel of temper and

beauty. The blade was 9 inches long, and blade and handle together measured 15 inches. He used this weapon in 19 encounters, and it was in his stiffening hand when, with six dead Mexicans about him, showing the evidence of his fatal skill, he was found dead at the Alamo.

Bowie's method of using the knife was one peculiar to himself. He did not hold it in his hand with the long point downward, but grasped the handle as a swordsman would grasp the hilt of his sword. He always struck at the neck of his man and aimed for the jugular and seldom missed his coup. In the most famous of his battles--the one fought on Natchez Island in the Mississippi river--he cut two men's heads almost off, giving each only a single sweeping blow.

Bowie only weighed 140 pounds when at his prime. He was a quiet, soft voiced man, who never drank nor dissipated in any way. He possessed enormous physical strength for his size and was as quick as a wildcat and as game as a horse. He was a terror to all the "hard cases" from Louisville to New Orleans.

In 1830 the Methodists about Church Hill, Miss., were holding their annual meeting. They had been a good deal disturbed by the crews of rough log skimmers, a large number of whose boats were lying in the river below the town. One morning after service was ended a number of the men held a meeting to decide upon the measures to abate this trouble. Among them the parson, who was a newcomer, noticed a small man whose only peculiarity was a pair of eyes like a cat.

"I will attend the services tonight, gentlemen," he said in a low, gentle voice, "and will help you to settle any difficulty that may occur." This seemed very satisfactory to those present, but the clergyman somehow forgot to ask who he was.

The next evening service had begun. Just as the preacher was about giving out the second hymn a big Kentucky fatboatman staggered up in front of the pulpit and gave a Choctaw warwhoop. In a second the little man had him by the collar with his left hand, and in his right had a knife, with its point against the boatman's brawny throat. "If you say another word or make the slightest noise, by G-- I'll drive this knife through your neck from ear to ear!" The big man trembled like a leaf and silently took a seat, while the other, putting his knife out of sight, joined with great fervor in the singing of the hymn.

There was never a quieter meeting held than that was thereafter. "Who was the gentleman who so speedily settled the difficulty tonight?" asked the minister when the service was ended. "Don't you know?" his friend replied. "That was James Bowie."

She Held Colonel Bowie's Head. Senora Candelaria, who is said to be 109 years old, is the last survivor of the Alamo. She was in the fort during the 13 days from Feb. 23 to March 6, 1836, when 177 Texas Americans held it against 5,000 Mexicans. Senora Candelaria asserts that she was supporting the head of Colonel Bowie, who lay ill in the fort, when the Mexicans rushed in and killed him and wounded her. Her life was begun under the domination of Spain, and she has seen five flags float over Texas. Her home is near San Antonio.

COLONEL BOWIE'S BLADE

He Wielded a Deadly Weapon That Made His Name Immortal.

Two states claim the birthplace of Colonel James Bowie--Tennessee and Maryland--and the question has never been definitely settled, but he gave the name to a weapon as deadly as any that has ever been forged from steel.

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THE EXECUTIONER OF PARIS

Deliber, the Parisian hangman, or "Monsieur de Paris," as he is often called, is naturally unpopular among his countrymen, although on one occasion he was received courteously and welcomed by the citizens of the place where he was about to show his expert ability as an executioner.

This was at Rouen, where he was to guillotine a man named Gamelin, who had brutally murdered a little girl. The feeling against the scoundrel was so strong that Deliber was respectfully saluted by the populace as he went from his hotel to the place of execution. "Monsieur de Paris" is a thorough master of his grow-

ing fast. He was a first class all round tinker. An what 'd'you s'pose his tools was?" "Why," said Jake glibly, "a hammer, and a chisel, and a screwdriver, and a gimlet, and an awl, and..."

"You can stop right where you be," interrupted his father. "You wouldn't have ketch'd 'Bijah Jenkins' burden himself with such a mess o' things as that. Folks where he went generally had a hammer, I calculate. If they didn't he could make out with a stone. All he carried was a broken clothespin an an old fork--a stout one 'twice--an a hen's feather, an a bottle o' glue that he made himself."

"Well, I s'waney!" remarked Jake, whose amazement incapacitated him for further utterance. "Yes, that was every namable thing he carried," repeated Mr. Babson. "He could screw an on-screw with the clothespin, an use it for a number o' other purposes. He could pry with the fork, an he could jab with it, an bore a fat's sized hole. He could glue with it an kind o' smooth things up generally. I tell you, Jake, he had fac'ty."

"Now, let's see if you can't make out to get along with that screwdriver, such as 'tis," concluded Mr. Babson. And Jake, not to be utterly routed by the posthumous fame of the old tinkerer, did--Youth's Companion.

About the Jumbo Fever. Mr. Gaylord, who was with Barnum when Jumbo was bought, has been giving some curious details in an interview at Hong-Kong. Anxious to get up a sensation, Barnum (according to this account) gave £1,000 to raise an action to endeavor to interdict the departure of Jumbo. No sooner was this done than the whole of the representatives of the American papers in London began to cable columns of news about Jumbo. The Jumbo fever soon caught on. Jumbo's keeper, Scott, was secured for £500 a year. The preparations for the shipment were drawn out as much as possible, and a big demonstration over his departure was arranged. Scott had a quiet sign which the elephant knew to mean "Go down."

It was arranged that when he was to be taken from the gardens Scott should make this signal and the people would believe that Jumbo was unwilling to leave Alice. "The thing worked beautifully. The streets of London were filled with thousands of people. As had been arranged, Jumbo lay down and refused to budge. All the while the wires were flashing the news to America, where the people were simply being manipulated in the hands of Mr. Barnum. All the papers had headlines, 'Jumbo Refuses to Leave Alice,' and a lot of rot of the same kind."

"When the furore had gone on long enough, Jumbo was taken on board the car as quietly as a lamb. When Jumbo landed the attendance rose to 75,000, and for the two weeks following the attendance was over 70,000. The net profits the year before they got Jumbo were £20,000; in the year they got him they rose to £100,000,"--St. James Budget.

The Persevering Eel. Young eels in passing up a river show the most extraordinary perseverance in overcoming all obstructions. The large flood gates--sometimes fifteen feet in height--on the Thames might be supposed sufficient to bar the progress of a fish the size of a dining needle. But young eels have a wholesome idea that nothing can stop them, and in consequence nothing does. Speaking of the way in which they ascend flood gates and other barriers, one writer says: "Those which die stick to the post; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a layer of them is formed which enables the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage."

"The mortality resulting from such 'formal hopes' greatly helps to account for the difference in the number of young eels on their upward migration, and that of those which return down stream in the autumn. In some places these baby-eels are much sought after, and are formed into cakes, which are eaten fried."--Rod and Gun.

THE DISCHARGE OF HIS DUTIES DOES NOT MAKE HIM A POPULAR FAVORITE. Deliber, the Parisian hangman, or "Monsieur de Paris," as he is often called, is naturally unpopular among his countrymen, although on one occasion he was received courteously and welcomed by the citizens of the place where he was about to show his expert ability as an executioner.

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The Persevering Eel. Young eels in passing up a river show the most extraordinary perseverance in overcoming all obstructions. The large flood gates--sometimes fifteen feet in height--on the Thames might be supposed sufficient to bar the progress of a fish the size of a dining needle. But young eels have a wholesome idea that nothing can stop them, and in consequence nothing does. Speaking of the way in which they ascend flood gates and other barriers, one writer says: "Those which die stick to the post; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a layer of them is formed which enables the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage."

"The mortality resulting from such 'formal hopes' greatly helps to account for the difference in the number of young eels on their upward migration, and that of those which return down stream in the autumn. In some places these baby-eels are much sought after, and are formed into cakes, which are eaten fried."--Rod and Gun.

THE EXECUTIONER OF PARIS. Deliber, the Parisian hangman, or "Monsieur de Paris," as he is often called, is naturally unpopular among his countrymen, although on one occasion he was received courteously and welcomed by the citizens of the place where he was about to show his expert ability as an executioner.

This was at Rouen, where he was to guillotine a man named Gamelin, who had brutally murdered a little girl. The feeling against the scoundrel was so strong that Deliber was respectfully saluted by the populace as he went from his hotel to the place of execution. "Monsieur de Paris" is a thorough master of his grow-

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